

# WHERE THE PRESIDENT LIVES

A President's "Watchdog," who showed the writer through the White House and who chatted interestingly about the history of the old mansion, is responsible for the assurance that none of those who visit the Executive Mansion are strangers in the city.

He even goes so far as to say that the Washingtonians, as a rule, seldom visit the place, or in fact, any of the public buildings where the great machinery of government is in motion year in and year out, and that many of them are as ignorant of the interiors of some of our grand and historic public buildings as those who live in the remotest States.

It appears, however, that some interest is manifested sporadically in this building, which, we delight in calling the Executive Mansion, and that it comes, usually, when a change of some manner is suggested for the privacy of the Presidential family. It is very evident to those who do see this White House that it is a thing, but the private residence that it was originally intended to be, and whenever a change is suggested officially or otherwise for the separation of the President's workshop from his household, the agitation at once begins to spread, but not for long; it usually takes a short life and dies again, just as will this present slight stir.

The plans and suggestions offered of late years, had they all been adopted, would have spread the White House into several over half of the city, for, as a rule, these suggestions were for the enlargement of the present building.

In the Senate in 1885 a bill was passed for the construction of a separate dwelling in the rear of the White House for the living apartments of the Presidential family, but this bill was quickly vetoed by Mr. Cleveland.

## MRS. HARRISON'S PLANS.

The late Mrs. Harrison made strenuous effort to have the discomfort removed by advocating and having plans drawn for the extension of this building by the addition of two wings to the east and west ends, as she said, "for the comfort and convenience of my successors, and for the provision of a home which might be creditable to the Executive of the greatest nation on the globe." But the plan did not, by any means, meet with public approval. The public, and the Washington public particularly, does not favor a proposition for a new White House, or an unsightly addition to the present building. Every Washingtonian feels a pride and appreciates the beauty and dignity of the grand old structure, and loves the tender memories of our national life which cluster around it. Instead of tampering with this almost sacred building or marring its beauty in any manner, they favor, and will always favor, the removal of the President's office to quarters which are more suitable for the feet of office-seekers and political schemers.

The old building is indeed a veritable treasure-house of national and historical incidents, and to ever supersede it with another, no matter how grand and imposing, would be little less than a piece of vandalism. For have not most of the great events and projects which have affected the destiny of our grand republic been originated or shaped within her walls? Since there is some talk current about new Presidential quarters, it may not be untimely or inappropriate to take a peep at the interior of the historic mansion.

Approaching from either the Avenue or the Treasury side, one is at once struck with the simplicity and dignity of its architecture. There is no sham or pretense about the house, none of that straining after architectural effects which seems to characterize so many of our modern structures, but just the spacious, dignified dwelling that it was originally intended to be.

**NOT INTENDED FOR AN OFFICE.**  
The Presidential workshop feature which has converted many of its rooms into a lounging place and stamping ground for hordes of office-seekers and political plotters was no part of the original plan. It seems to have originated in President Jackson's administration, and all Presidents since its time have continued very much in the same rut.

Before President Johnson's time no records or files were kept as is done now and there were no clerks. President Lincoln had two secretaries, but the law allowed but one, and the other was merely "an army officer detailed for special work."

Now there are four rooms in the east end of the second floor occupied for business purposes by the President and his private secretary and the staff of clerks. Big ledgers of applications for office are posted up daily, autographs of presidents look to be filled with letters and bulky petitions, and one room is devoted to the telegraph and telephone service; in fact, it is as complete

and as thoroughly organized as any big business in our downtown offices.

The first funds for the construction of the building, it must be borne in mind, were not taken out of the pocket of Uncle Sam, but supplied by the States of Virginia and Maryland, the former State contributing \$120,000 and the latter \$72,000. But afterwards, through the influence of Gen. Washington, Congress was induced to supply the funds which were necessary to complete the structure. It was the first public building to be erected in Washington and a great deal of care was taken that the plans should be the best. Accordingly, a premium of \$500 was offered for the most appropriate design, and being informed of his success over a number of competitors, Mr. James Hoban, a Charleston, S. C., architect, hastened to Washington to claim the prize and to take charge of the erection of the building.

His design was modeled pretty much after that of the castle of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin, which latter was planned after those spacious and stately villas so much prized by the Italians. His plan

provided for a three-story structure, but so great was the outcry against such monumental extravagance that Congress refused to appropriate the necessary funds, and the first commissioners were constrained to curtail the designs and make it into a two-story and basement affair now is. Thus was the Executive Mansion erected. The corner stone was laid with imposing Masonic ceremonies, on October 13, 1792. Gen. Washington himself taking part. At that time the name of "Palace" was suggested for the new President's home, but again there was an outcry, and the protest of the people, who feared that the new government might be ruled by an aristocracy in imitation of courts and kings, was hearkened to and it bore the simple name of Executive Mansion.

## WHY CALLED THE WHITE HOUSE.

The name of "White House" was applied as a nickname, from the fact that after the British soldiers burned the edifice, it was painted a dazzling white to hide the soot and smoke and blackened walls. Mrs. Washington never lived in the White House. President John Adams, Washington

Arthur's term of office, which confronts one as you first enter the building.

Off from this corridor open the red, green and blue rooms, each named after the prevailing color of its decoration. Adjoining the reception parlor or red room, is the state dining room, which is used on state occasions. Grand as the decorations and furnishings are in these rooms, Mrs. Cleveland prefers those up stairs. The hall at the head of the west stairs seems to be her favorite corner. Her desk and piano are here in appropriate places, and there are plenty of comfortable chairs and a long window sofa, piled up with downy pillows and head rests. The floor is brightly carpeted and pretty rug and decorative plants are strewn around in a decorative manner. The first lady also finds another room upstairs suitable for family use, and a little more retiring. It is the room in which Mr. Cleveland formerly had his office.

The reader may think it strange that such an expensive building, and apparently such a large one, should be too small for the Presidential family, but such is the case. The fact is, the White House is capable of comfortably accommodating only the household and not the offices of the President. There are only five bed rooms at the disposal of the mistress of the White House, and only a dining room, a sitting room and a parlor—the red room—for the privacy of the family circle. Of course, the family are at liberty to make use of the green room, the blue room, and the state dining room, if they see fit, but these are by precedent, reserved for the public, and although handsomely fitted up, they are not particularly inviting for family use.

There is an attic, or third floor, to the building, but it is of little use, except as a store house for old books and papers, and the usual lumber that accumulates about a house. The writer crept around in this place, which hangs as full of cobwebs as Florida trees do of moss, and after stumbling over electric light wires and scaring rats he beat a hasty retreat for pure air.

## IN THE BASEMENT.

There are also rooms in the basement, but they are taken up by the domestics and colored laundries, etc., with one exception,

which. Knowing only too well the significance of such an accusation, the Wolf made a feint to raise the price demanded, but, instead, procured his rifle, and meeting his accuser later in the day, he proceeded to perforate the doctor's anatomy to such good purpose that death resulted instantly, two bullets from a 45-70 Winchester doing the deed. On December 6 a council of the Crows was summoned and it decided that nothing short of the death of the Wolf would prevent precipitating general hostilities between the tribes, although the latter's kinsmen were profuse in their offerings of blankets. Yet the Crows remained obdurate and, to prevent a prolonged struggle, bloodshed and destruction of property, the Wolves reluctantly submitted to the ultimatum and selected three of their tribesmen by lot. At sunset the following day the executioners led the murderer to the beach, lined themselves up in front of him at a distance of ten paces, and, leveling their rifles at his head, the reports sounded as one and three crimson spots appeared. The body rolled to the water's edge, when friends and relatives took charge of and buried it with the usual ceremonies. It is worthy of note that a custom exists among these natives which makes it compulsory for each tribe to mete out punishment to its own members.

In an effort to pacify and retard action on the part of the revengeful Crows, until word could be sent to the authorities, Mr. Albert Peterson, who has charge of Frank Kane's store, had a gun thrust into his face with a pre-emptory command to mind his own affairs, and he accordingly retired to a safe distance, but sent word at the earliest moment. Mr. Peterson is the only white man in the village, while there are two white ladies, Mrs. McFarland, who has charge of the mission school, and her sister, Mrs. Howse. It is said that Mrs. McFarland was an involuntary witness of the shooting and angry mutterings and lowering looks of the savages were a



State dining-room.

When the nose was finished in wax a metal die was run and a counter-die made to fit into that.

About the model the constructing material (rubber) was built. This was done as in the ordinary plate work, arranged in strips of soft rubber and vulcanized. After being vulcanized or hardened by heating, its edges were trimmed to be an exact fit to the muscles of the face upon which they rested. The patient's wearing glasses suggested an excellent way of attaching the nose in position.

Across the bridge of the nose the corresponding part of the spectacles were riveted, and when these were hooked securely behind the ears, despite any reasonable facial contortion such as laughing, sneezing, or turning the head, the nose refused to be dislocated. A Boston artist was able to give to the new appendage a tint that blended and harmonized with his complete physiognomy.

## CAT IN THE PULPIT.

Pastor Caught It by the Neck and the Usher Took It.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.  
An inquisitive black cat strayed into the Bristol Methodist Episcopal Church on Sunday evening just before the services began.

There were very few people in the church at the time, but the loud and plaintive meowing of the stranger attracted their attention, and they watched its movements with interest.

The animal climbed up into the choir loft and perched upon the railing, looked down upon the congregation. After a time several members of the choir arrived and the cat scampered away, finally climbing down one of the wooden pillars which supported the choir loft and walked down into the aisle.

Several of the congregation endeavored to coax the cat into their pews, but the proud pussy ignored them, and with steady dignity climbed up into the pulpit and sat on the Bible. When the pastor came in a moment later he found the cat in possession of the pulpit, but the animal took kindly to the preacher and began to purr and arch his back at the latter's approach.

The pastor took the cat by the back of the neck and handed it down to an usher who carried pass out of the church. "This is a good omen, brethren," said the pastor, and then he went on and preached his sermon.

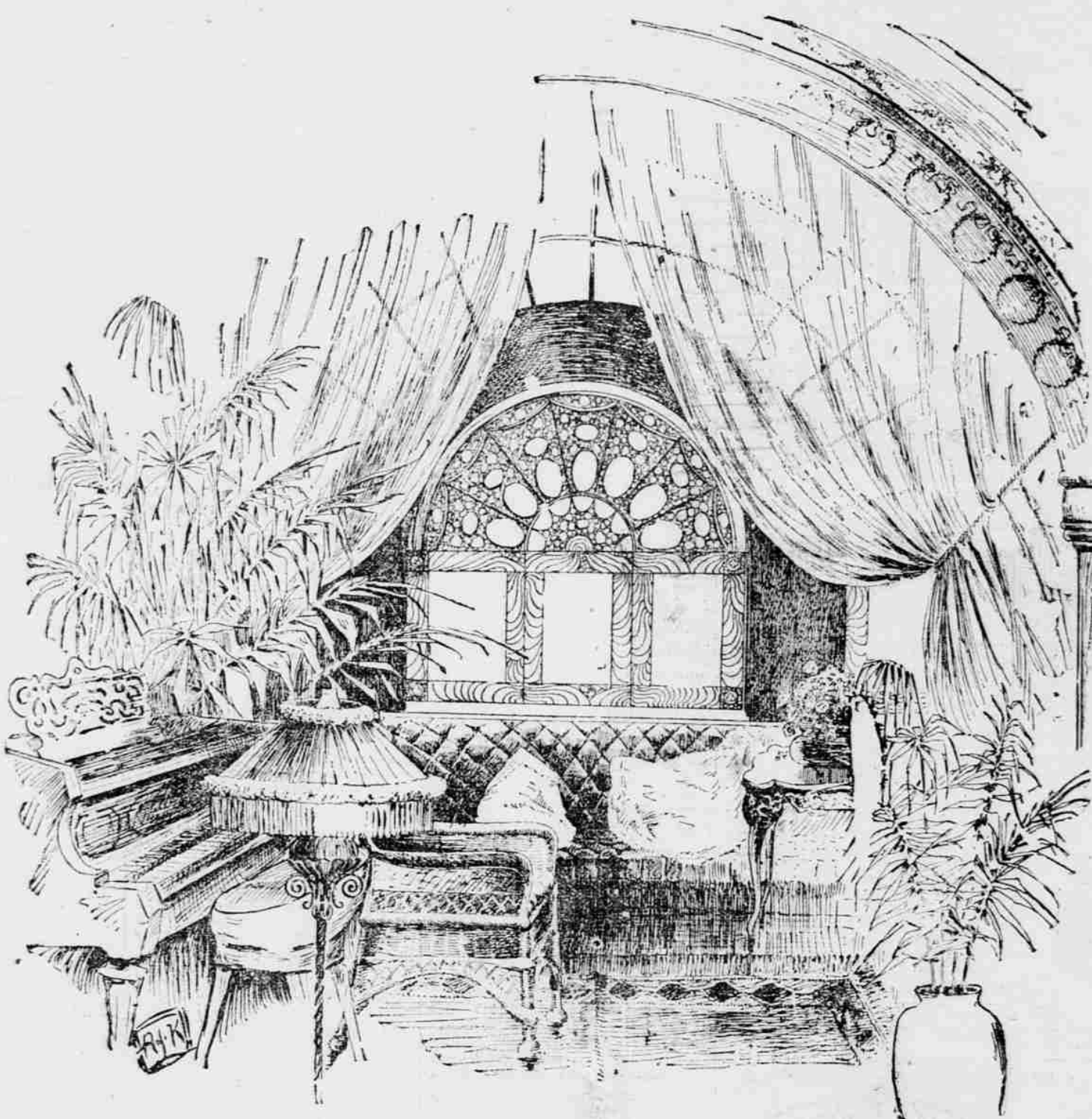
## AN ELASTIC CURRENCY.

Money Made From Gum Used in the Malay Peninsula.  
Boston Globe.

The "mint officials" of the Malay Peninsula claim the distinction of "coining" the most unique piece of money now in use in the world. This curious coin is simply a thin disk or wafer of hardened vegetable gum, the original source of supply being the balsa tree and a bluff of emery sand.

Hoards of trusty officials are constantly employed in collecting balsa gum and slicing and pounding the sand which is to be used as "alluvium."

The coins so struck are not only unique and curious on account of the material used in their composition, but because they have the least exchange value of any medium, unless we except the shell money of the west coast of Africa.



Mrs. Cleveland's favorite corner.

ton's successor, was the first occupant, and it is amusing to note that in those good old Democratic days, Mrs. Adams' letters tell of having used the unfurnished east room to dry clothes. In Mr. Madison's administration the house was still incomplete, and on August 24, 1814, when the British soldiers applied the torch, Mrs. Dolly Madison and a party of friends were sitting down to a grand banquet.

Of that exciting event, there is still a very precious memento in the east room today. It is the painting of Gen. Washington, which the visitor is generally told was cut out of its frame with a pair of shears by Mrs. Madison before the occupants of the house were put to flight by those intruders.

The White House represents a snug little fortune, it having cost during its century of existence about two millions and a half, which sum includes the original cost of construction. The average annual outlay for refurbishing and other expenses amounts to about as much as the President's salary; but, of course, that expense is borne by the government. The repainting of the building is a very important item in this annual expenditure—enough white paint having been dumped on the exterior to increase the size of the building a foot or more each way, had not the old pigments been scraped off before each successive coat was applied.

The interior has had almost as much attention from the painters' hands, and all decorations are scored and brightened each year. In fact, the whole of the interior is torn to pieces each summer when the overhauling occurs, and the carpets in the reception rooms have all to be replaced at this season, owing to the terrible tramping they receive from the feet of the public each winter.

In the younger days of our republic it was thought to be sufficient to furnish the grand east room with heavy carpets and a few strong pieces of furniture, which no doubt, made it an inviting place; but of late years it was deemed wise to place the matter of decorating and furnishing in the hands of a skilled artisan.

## MR. TIFFANY'S WORK.

Mr. Louis C. Tiffany was the one, therefore, intrusted with the task. Mr. Tiffany's best work perhaps is to be found in the long corridor which leads from the east room to the conservatory. It is shut off from the vestibule by the wrinkled, stained glass mosaic screen, erected during President

the President's recreating quarters, where are to be found two billiard tables.

The conservatory is a favored resort of Mrs. Cleveland's, and she takes great pride in showing her rare plants to her visitors. It is in the charge of a skilled florist, and, with an appropriation of \$5,000 per year, he makes this one of the sights of Washington. It is very attractive, containing many beautiful shrubs and flowers, and rare exotic and domestic plants and palms.

The second floor of the mansion is approached by two stairways, one leading to the business office of the President and his secretaries, in the east end of the building, from the hallway situated between the main corridor and the East Room, for the public's use, and the other leading from the grand corridor, which is used exclusively by the family and their guests.

## AS BAD AS OLD SALEM.

An Alaska Indian Village Where Superstition Results in Murder.

## Alaska News.

Two more deliberate murders have been added to an already long list of misdeeds committed by the Indians of Hoonah village and vicinity, the direct result of deeply rooted superstition and witchcraft. For a member of a tribe to be stigmatized as a witch by the medicine man is equivalent to a living death—complete ostracism—so far as his further relationship with his fellow men is concerned, and an Indian thus accused may as well end his earthly career at once. For life will be a burden to him, unless blankets enough can be produced with which to pay the doctor for dispossessing the evil influence at once. Cases of this kind are occasionally cured, but the price is generally an exorbitant one, virtually slavery for life, and the sum is payable to the victim, such a thing as casting out a witch being rare.

During the early part of December the medicine man in the latest affair, who is a Doct-in-tun-shu, or member of the Crows, having become dissatisfied with his revenue, sought to increase the number of his blankets. With this end in view he accused a Chuch-a-na-tee, or Wolf, of being a

source of much uneasiness to her at the time (though it is believed she is in no immediate danger).

The village of Hoonah contains perhaps 400 or 500 Indians, and almost opposite is another village on the shores of Discretion Inlet, or Hudson Bay, as it is called by some. A year ago the latter village was the scene of the killing of a poor, inoffensive boy, who had neither parents nor relatives, whom the medicine man accused of being possessed.

## AN ARTIFICIAL NOSE.

Perfectly Natural and May Be Removed at Convenience.

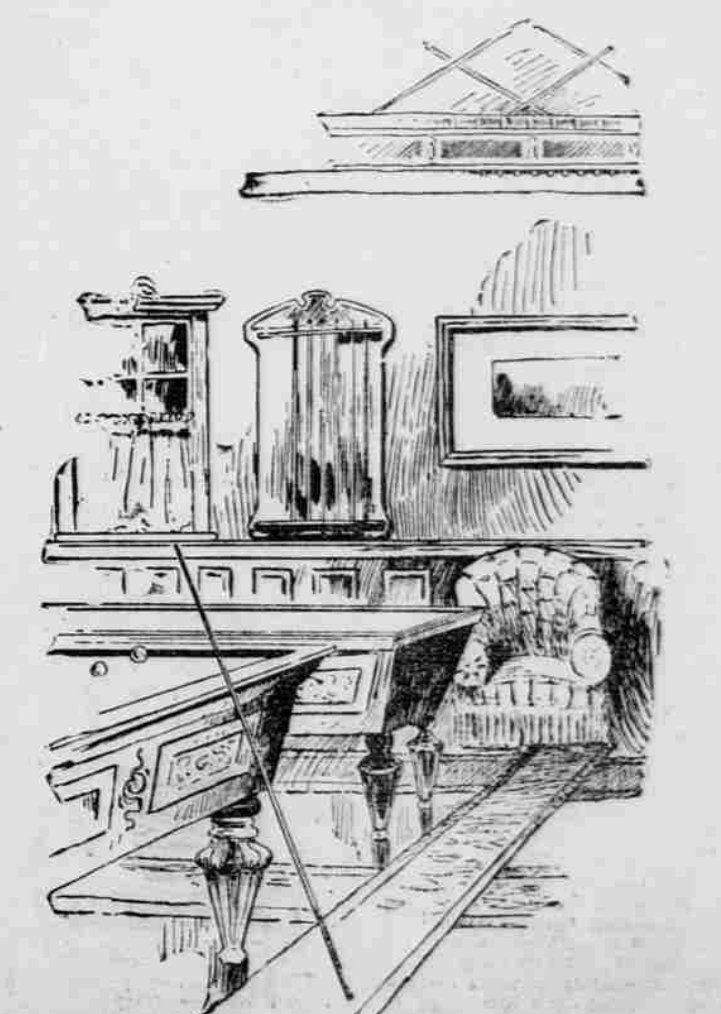
## Rochester Post-Express.

An interesting case has recently been successfully treated at the Harvard dental school, in which an artificial nose was attached to a person with such natural and lifelike effect as to be undetectable to a stranger facing the patient five feet away.

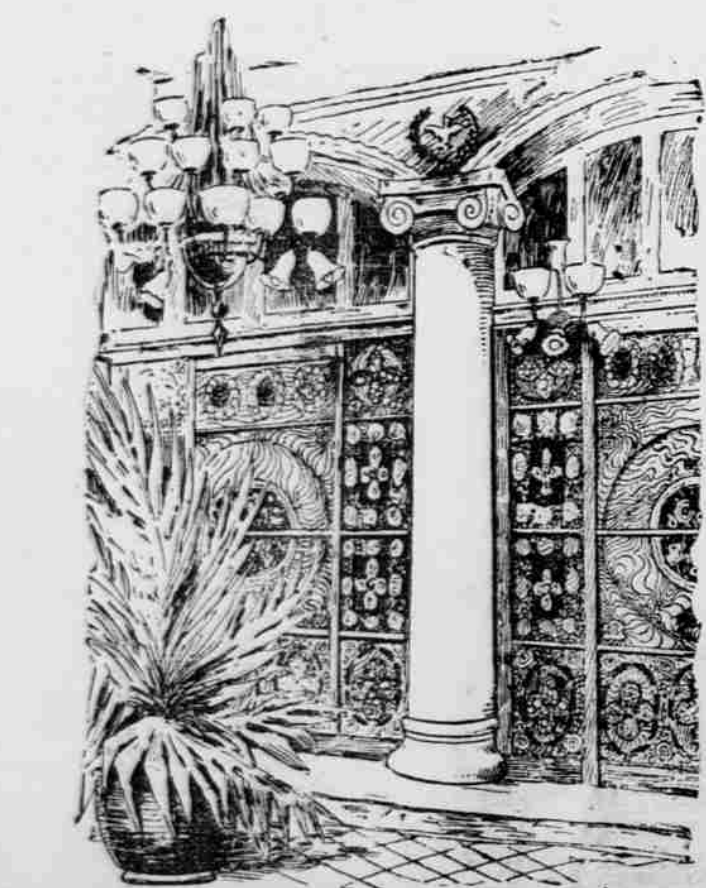
Last spring the patient, a man fifty years of age, while at work in his carpenter shop was struck on the nose by a falling board. A wound followed the accident, which proved slow to heal. This was treated as a skin trouble, but the patient got no relief and noticed that the nose was growing crooked. He came to the Massachusetts general hospital in the latter part of June. There the trouble was found to be cancerous, and that the only remedy was to cut all around it. This meant to take off the nose.

It was done. Not a vestige of it remained. After the patient had recovered from the operation he was referred to the Harvard dental school for an artificial nose. He came last fall. He was first taken into the operating-room, placed in a reclining position and an accurate impression was taken in plaster of his nose, or what should be the nose, being then but two hollow openings of the nose.

When the plaster had hardened it made the base or model upon which to construct the artificial nose. This part of the task called for considerable study and skill. A photograph was secured of the patient, taken previous to the operation, and with its aid a nose was carefully worked up in wax



A corner of the billiard room.



The mosaic screen.